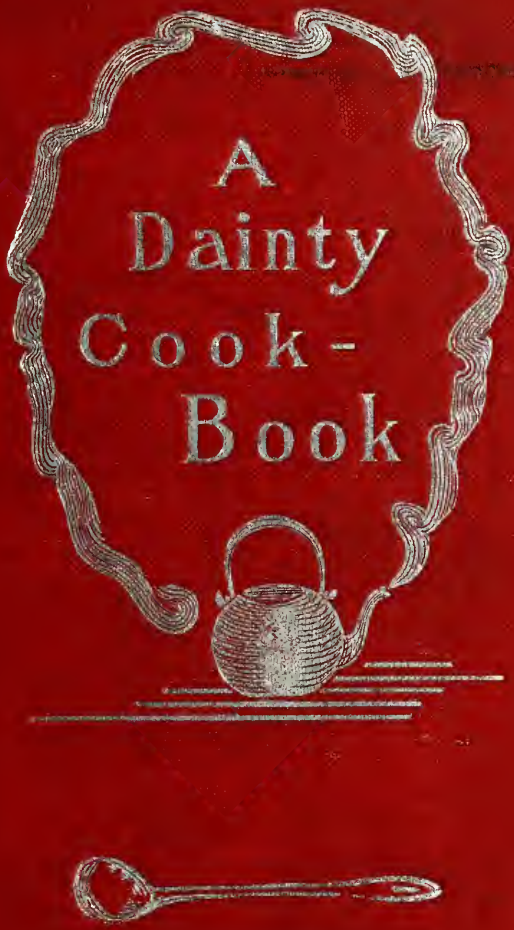

BY

MRS·NELSON·B·OLIPHANT

A

DAINTY COOK BOOK

BY

MRS. NELSON OLIPHANT

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I regard the discovery of a new dish as a far more interesting matter than the discovery of a new star, for we always have stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes.

HENRION DE PENSEY,

CONTENTS.

PART I.

ANCIENT AND CURIOUS RECIPES.

But where is the man who can live without eating?
OWEN MEREDITH.

"I ONCE condescended to become for a time the tenant of the interior of a pie."

Do you remember Sir Walter's description of the dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who was presented in a pie to Henrietta Maria by the Duke of Buckingham? Thus, as we dive into "much ancient and forgotten lore," we learn that the "four and twenty blackbirds" pie of our infancy was no fable. In the days when England was Merrie England still it was no uncommon thing for pies to be served out of which gaily-colored birds and butterflies flew. The pastry of those days was a triumph of architectural art.

We stand aghast in some of the old manors and halls which yet remain to picture to us the days when men still thought it worth while to practise the good old virtue of hospitality, and were "not forgetful to entertain strangers."

We see fireplaces which would roast an ox whole, tables of solid oak inches in thickness, spits and pot-hooks without number, enormous salting and chopping troughs hewn out of solid blocks of wood, salting houses, larders, pantries, which seem to us fit to serve an army.

Our wonder is lessened as we remember the household of King Richard the Second, who employed two thousand cooks, and daily fed at his board ten thousand persons. Nothing seems to connect the present with the past more than the show and state still maintained in the Guildhall, and halls of the various companies in London.

Unpretentious-looking on the outside, even hard to find, and difficult of access, yet when the inside once is gained we find magnificence

which has been maintained undimmed for hundreds of years; in the case of the Sadlers, since the days of Harold.

Each Lord Mayor's Day the wooden giants, Gog and Magog, preside over the splendid banquet in the Guildhall, looking down on ambassadors, ministers of state, judges, officers, brilliant uniforms and blazing orders.

It is pleasant to think that the poor are not forgotten, and the "fragments which remain" are, the next day, distributed to them.

The noble Company of Salters, whose motto is "Sal sapit omnia," regale their friends with a most marvelous pie, the recipe for which is dated 1394.

The Guild of Barbers have a **Marrow** or **Mary** pudding, the recipe for which they decline to reveal.

Shall we examine some of the curious dishes served in those grand old banqueting halls where the lord and his guests sat on the dais and the retainers of the family "below the salt," while in the gallery minstrels made sweet music with their harps?

Peacock,

that royal bird, was served in a truly royal manner, sewed up in its feathers and carried to table to the sound of music

The Crane

was the favorite bird of William the Conqueror. Sir William Davenant speaks of "dull country madams that spend their time in studying receipts to make Marchpane and preserve plums."

Marchpane

was a confection of pistachio nuts, almonds and sugar, this with **Elecampane**, another sweet is still made in some parts of England and Germany.

Blanc-Mange or Manger

instead of being merely a jelly, was, down to the sixteenth century, composed of the pounded flesh of poultry, boiled with rice and milk of almonds, and sweetened with sugar. A mixture of the same kind colored with blood ôr sandal wood was called a **Rose.**

Bucknade

was made of meat hewn in gobbets, pounded almonds, raisins, sugar, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, onions, salt and fried herbs, thickened with rice flour and colored yellow with saffron.

Mortrews

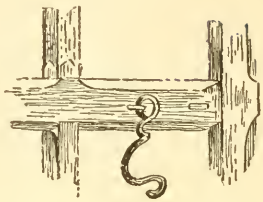
mentioned in the "Canterbury Tales" derived its name from being pounded in a mortar. "Take hennes and pork and sethe hom togyder. Take the lyre (flesh) of the hennes and pork and hack it small and grind it to dust. Take bread gyrated and do (add) thereto and temper it with the self same broth—that is the broth in which it was boiled—and alye (mix) it well with yelkes of Ayern (yolks of eggs) and cast thereon powder fort (pepper) and boil it and do thereto powder of ginger, saffron and salt and look that it is standing (stiff) and flour it all with powder of ginger

[From the "Form of Cury."]

"Pleasant to see is this English Hall
Of the olden time on a summer's day.

. . .

Strange to think of times of old,
And of those who lived there only a tale
Doubtingly dimly guessed and told
Of chateleines fair and of knights in mail.



Though the place remains where they lived and died
Seen as they saw it by you and by me.

. . .

The light still shines through the latticed pane.
As it shone to them, and the shadowed door
Is the shadow they saw, and the stains remain
Of the wine they spilled on the dais floor.

The hand-lock at Haddon Hall.

By the door of the banqueting Hall at Haddon in England is a little iron instrument attached to two staples. It is said if, "in the good old days," a man failed to drink up his quota of liquor he was fastened by the wrist to this iron, and the liquor poured up his sleeve.

PART TWO.

LOCAL RECIPES.

FOR many years certain localities have been noted for certain products, and for certain curious customs pertaining thereto.

The ancient town of Saffron Walden derives its prefix from the time of Edward Third, when saffron was extensively grown around it.

It is mentioned by Fuller, and still retains the name, though the culture of saffron has long since disappeared.

England.

If an earthquake were to engulph England to-morrow the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the ruins just to celebrate the event.

JERROLD.

Yorkshire Tea-cake.

"Aunt Betsey's." As much dough when

ready for the working into loaves as will fill a small bowl. Work into this a piece of sweet lard the size of an egg. Roll out as thin as possible. Put in a shallow pan to rise for half an hour. Bake twenty minutes, split, toast and butter.

Yorkshire Pudding.

One pint of milk, one pint of flour, four eggs, a teaspoonful of salt. Raise a roast of beef on a spit, or on rods across the pan, half an hour before it is done. Pour the batter into the dripping-pan. Serve cut in squares.

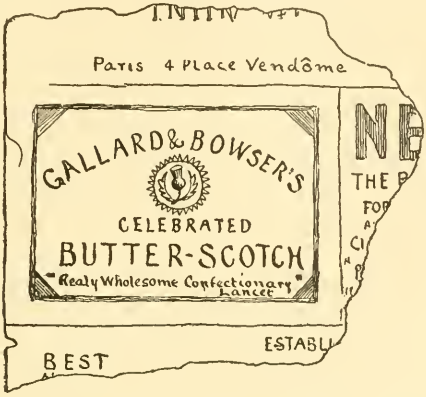
Doncaster.

Celebrated for "its church, its races, its river and its butter-scotch."

Butter-Scotch.

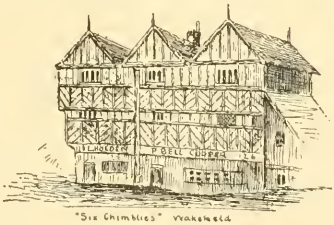
Three pounds of coffee "A" sugar, one and a quarter pounds of butter, one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, eight drops of extract of lemon. Dissolve the sugar in cold water, then boil all without stirring till

it breaks when dropped in cold water. Take from the fire. Do not add lemon until it is



removed from the fire. When nearly cold cut in squares.

"I chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown, for qualities that would wear well. She could read any English book without much spelling, but, for preserving, pickling and cooking, none could excel her. She prided herself on being an excellent contriver in housekeeping, though I could never find we grew richer with all her contrivances."



—GOLDSMITH, "Vicar of Wakefield."

Wakefield.

"West Riding bakers may well pride themselves on their bread. Many years ago Wakefield was celebrated for its muffins, of size and quality not to be surpassed. Doncaster breakfast-tables usually supply them equally good tógether with pikelets, unknown to most south country folk."

Pikelet-Pikelin.

"A light cake or muffin, so called on account of its thinness, for it is properly a thin, circular tea-cake."

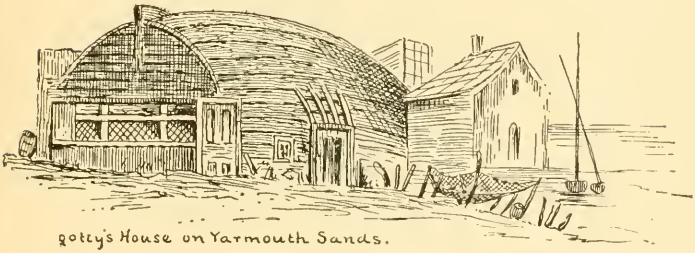
Muffins.

Dissolve a yeast-cake in a pint and a half of warm milk, to which a scant teaspoonful of salt, two of sugar and one large one of butter have been added. Into this sift about three pints of flour—enough to make a stiff batter. Beat hard. When light cut into bits. Shape. Bake very slowly about twenty minutes on a hot griddle. Split and toast.

Yarmouth.

"As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it, and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea and the town, and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that, for her part, she was proud to call herself a 'Yarmouth Bloater.'"

—DICKENS, "David Copperfield."



Gotty's House on Yarmouth Sands.

Herring

pies were deemed such a luxury that, by an ancient charter, the town of Yarmouth was bound to send annually to the king a hundred herring, baked in four and twenty pies.

"Ride a trot horse to Banbury Cross."

Banbury

is noted for its "Cheese, Zeale and Cakes."

Banbury zeal is described in the lines by Braithwaite:

> "To Banbury came I, O profane one;
> There I met a puritane one,
> Hanging of his cat on Monday
> For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

Shakespeare wrote of the cheese, and we find the cakes mentioned as early as 1686.

Original Cake Shop

Banbury Cakes.

One pound of sugar, creamed with one-half pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour, two pounds of currants, one-half ounce each of ground cinnamon and allspice, one-half pound of candied orange-peel. Roll puff paste into eight inch squares and fill with the mixture. Bring the corners to-

gether, sift sugar over the top and bake in a hot oven.

Chelsea

for a century and a half was noted for **Buns.** These were mentioned by Swift, 1712, "Rare Chelsea Bunns." These were made and sold at the "Old Chelsea Bunn House," which has long since disappeared.

Bath

was also celebrated for bunns.

Hawkshead,

in the land of Wordsworth, is a stopping-place for all breaks in the summer season in order that the "trippers" may invest in its rich and unwholesome "cakes." And at **Richmond** one must eat of **Cheese-Cakes** at the "Star and Garter." The following recipe is said to have been given by a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth.

Cheese-Cakes.

One cup of sour milk and one cup of sweet milk boiled till they curd. Strain through a

sieve. Add yolks of three eggs, half-teaspoonful of sugar and teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat until smooth. Bake in small pans lined with crust. Cover with meringue.

Winchester.

Henry de Blois founded the church of St. Cross in 1136. He endowed it with £2,000 a year to give a piece of bread and a draught of beer to all who demand it.

Shrewsbury.

"And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honored name the inventive city owns,
Rendering thro' Britain's isle Salopias' praises known."

Thus sang Shenstone of Shrewsbury cakes. The great Shropshire toast "To friends all round the Wrekin" was doubtless drunk in the Shrewsbury **Michaelmas Ale.**

Durham,

known for "mustard and old maids."

One hundred and seventy years ago Mrs. Clements of Durham first manufactured mustard. George the First was one of her patrons. "Durham Mustard" is still in de-

mand, although made in London, near the sound of the bells of the Royal Exchange playing "The Roast Beef of Old England."

Eccles

cakes resembled those of Banbury.

Everton

boasts of its toffy.

Biddenden

In the twelfth century twin sisters, according to some writers the precursors of the "Siamese Twins," bequeathed to the parish of Biddenden Kent some land, the income of which was to be devoted to supplying the poor with bread and cheese on Easter Sunday.

This is still carried out, hard cakes with a supposed facsimile of the sisters being distributed to visitors.

Cornish

folk are famous for their pies; indeed they make so many sorts, there is a saying

that the devil is afraid to go into Cornwall for fear of being baked in a pie.

Mexico.

The great dish of the people is the **Tortilla,** "a thin unleavened cake of maize flour baked on heated iron."

[VELASQUEZ.]

Italy.

"In Italy we leave ourselves behind and travel through a dream-land."

"O dolce Napoli
O suol beati!"

Recipe

"fit to set before a king" given by the minister of Foreign Affairs to Francesco de Bourbon, last king of Naples, with whom it was a favorite dish.

Pour a cup of cream into a deep earthen dish. Put in several slices of egg-plant, thin as wafers, salt liberally. Slice and add two large tomatoes, and sprinkle this with a dozen lumps of cheese the size of a thimble. Pepper thickly. Add a layer of macaroni.

More tomato and egg-plant. Bake an hour and twenty minutes in a slow, sure oven.

Russia

"'Twas Caviare to the general."

[HAMLET.]

Caviare

is made of the roes of sturgeon, beaten with switches, passed through sieves and salted according to the season.

India.

"India is a country of ameliorations."

Chupaties

are made of flour mixed with milk or water, and a little salt, into a paste, kneading it well; sometimes ghee (melted butter) is added. They are flattened into thin cakes with the hand, smeared with a small quantity of ghee, and baked on an iron pan over the fire.

Germany.

"The attempt of my domestic group to sustain the American style of cooking continued about six weeks, after which time we were ready to submit to all possible gravies; in fact, to eat anything, and that five times a

day, that our Hamburg cook thought proper in civilized beings."

—*Life in the Fatherland.*

Zimmet-kuchen.

Make an ordinary dough shortened with plenty of fresh, rich butter. Spread thinly and evenly in a long, shallow pan—thick kuchen is bourgeoise. Over this spread an egg, beaten till it froths. Over this drop a coating of granulated sugar, with lumps here and there. Sprinkle liberally with cinnamon. Let it rise and bake until a golden brown.

Scotland.

"Bannocks are better nor nae kind o' bread."

Bannock.

"A cake made of oat, rye, pease or barley meal, baked on an iron plate over the fire."

—Sir Walter Scott.

Scone.

Thoroughly mix a quart of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Work in well a quarter pound of butter. Add enough sweet milk to make a paste, about a quarter

pint. Roll out very thin and cut in triangles, each side about four inches. Bake an hour.

Scotch Short-bread.

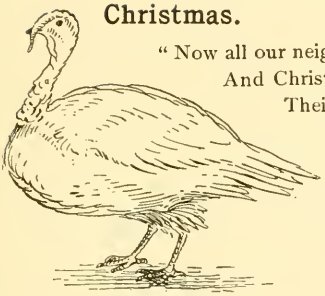
Two pounds of flour, one of butter, scant half pound of sugar. Roll thin and cut out. Bake till crisp.

Haggis.

Let the stomach bag of a sheep lie in cold water all night. Grate the quarter of a liver. Chop the heart and a cupful of beef suet. Mix with two cupfuls of oatmeal dried before the fire. Black and Jamaica pepper and salt. Half a pint of gravy. Stuff into the bag, which has been thoroughly cleansed; sew up, leaving room to swell. Place on a plate in a pot. Boil three hours. Prick it occasionally.

PART III.

CALENDAR.



Christmas.

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."

—George Wither.

On Christmas eve in the good old days the yule log was burnt, and Christmas candles were lighted. A toast was thrown from the wassail bowl to the fruit trees, in hope of securing a good crop next season.

It was thought that water turned to wine for a short time during the night, and that bread baked then never grew moldy.

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing."
—HERRICK.

A brand from the yule log was put away to light next year's fire. A standing dish on Christmas eve was

Frumenty,

a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices.

On Christmas morning carols were sung by the waits.

Nowell, nowell,
God rest you, merry gentlemen;
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon Christmas day."

Christmas Dinner.

"Ule, Ule,
Three puddings in a pule,
Crack nuts and cry Ule."

Was ever anything in the English language more delicious than Irving's description of

the kind old 'squire and his Christmas hospitality? How the old customs were kept up in kitchen as well as hall—

> "Just in this nick the cook knocked thrice
> And all the waiters in a trice
> His summons did obey;
> Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
> Marched boldly up like one train-band,
> Presented, and away."

how the guests were ushered into the banqueting-hall to the sound of the old harper's music; how the parson said grace, "not a short, familiar one, but a long, courtly, well-worded one of the ancient school," lastly, how there was a pause, and then the entrance of the butler, bearing the boar's head, trimmed with rosemary! He was attended by a serving-man on each side, bearing a large wax light, and the ancient carol was sung:

> "Caput apri defero
> Reddeus laudes Domino.
> The boar's head in hand bring I,
> With garlands gay and rosemary,
> I pray you all sing merrily,
> Qui estis in convivio."

After the cloth was removed came the **Wassail Bowl,** composed of wines, spices and roasted apples.

> "The browne bowle,
> The merry browne bowle,
> As it goes round about-a,
> Fill,
> Still,
> Let the world say what it will,
> And drink your fill all out-a."

Frumenty,

a recipe three hundred years old. "Take clean wheat and bray it in a mortar till the hulls be all gone off, and seethe it till it burst, and take it up and let it cool; and take clean fresh broth and sweet milk of almonds, or sweet milk of kine, and temper it all and wet it down with the yolks of eggs, and boil it a little and serve it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton."

What the **Christmas Pie** was may be understood from the description of one published in 1770. This contained two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild duck,

two woodcock, six snipe, four partridges, two neat tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds and two pigeons, being made by Mistress Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick. It weighed one hundred and sixty-eight pounds and required two men to carry it to table. This Christmas pie has developed into the mince pie. According to an old superstition it was symbolical of the offerings of the wise men, and the long, narrow shape in which they were originally made represented the manger.

During the Commonwealth many people, among whom was Bunyan, scrupled to par take of them.

"The pudding, which is the priceless possession of the English-speaking world."
—*From English illustrated magazine.*

"Oh, plum-pudding of the Anglo-Saxon, the delight of youth, the dread of manhood and the poison of age."

The original **Plum-pudding** was known as **Plum-porridge,** and was the first course of the Christmas

dinner. It was made by boiling beef or mutton with broth, thickened with brown bread. When half boiled, raisins, currants, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger were added.

"Heap on more wood—the wind is chill
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still

. . . . . .

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had
And brought blythe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night.
On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kyrtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair.'
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,

And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old, blue-coated serving-man ;
Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell
How, when and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassal round in good brown bowls,
Garnished with ribbons, blythely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reeked ; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;
Nor failed old Scotland to produce,
At such high-tide, her savory goose.

. . . . . .

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart thro' half the year."

—Sir Walter Scott.

Hogmanay.

The last day of the year is so called in

Scotland. On this day the small children cry at their neighbors' doors:

> "Hogmanay, trollalay,
> Gie's of your white bread
> And none of your gray,"

in obedience to which cry they are given an oaten cake.

In the evening there are merry-makings, and small parties take a kettle with hot ale posset and go to wish their friends a "happy New Year."

Whoever comes first is called "First-foot" in that house, and offers the inhabitants a sip of the posset for luck.

Formerly the first Monday of the new year was much observed as a time of feasting and exchange of gifts, and hence called **Handsel Monday**

New Year's Day,

till a period not very remote, was ushered in by drinking spiced liquor from the wassail bowl, so called from the Anglo-Saxon waes-æl (be healthy).

The first of January is called in Paris the

"Jour de l'an." It has been calculated that on that day sweetmeats are sold in Paris to the value of twenty thousand pounds!

Twelfth Day.

> Now the mirth comes,
> ith the cake full of plums,
> here bean's the king of the sport here;
> Beside we must know the pea also
> Must revel as queen of the court here."
>
> —HERRICK.

One of the most famous of cakes was the **Twelfth Night** cake. It contained, beside plums, a bean and a pea, and the lucky finders of these were king and queen for the evening.

Mary, Queen of Scots, once celebrated Twelfth Day at Holyrood.

It was first kept in 813.

Robert Baddeley, an actor of the last century, the original Moses in the "School for Scandal," who died in 1794, bequeathed in his will the sum of three hundred pounds in three per cent. consols, the interest of which was to be laid out annually on Twelfth Night for cake, with wine and punch, to

be presented in the green-room of Drury Lane Theater, to the ladies and gentlemen engaged there. As the large company now employed would need a feast far beyond the resource of this sum, it has become customary for the manager to supplement the bequest, still observing the prescribed form of cutting the cake with the formal toast, "The memory of Robert Baddeley."

Shrove Tuesday.

"Some folks think it will never be good times till houses are tiled with pancakes."

—FRANKLIN.

Shrove Tuesday is sometimes called "Pancake Day," and in some places a "Pancake Bell" is still rung.

"When Lent was kept by a strict abstinence from meat all through the forty days, it was customary to use up all the dripping and lard in the making of pancakes. To consume all, it was usual to call in the apprentice boys and others about the house, and they were summoned by a bell, which was naturally called 'Pancake Bell.'"
—*Notes and Queries, 1892.*

Before Queen Elizabeth came to the throne her guardian, Sir Thomas Pope, made at Hatfield a "greate and riche maskinge" on Twelfth Day, but she snubbed him for these "folliries" and ordered them to cease.

Mid-Lent.

> "I'll to thee a simnel bring,
> 'Gainst thou go a-mothering;
> So that when she blesses thee
> Half that blessing thou'll give me."
> —HERRICK, "To Dianeme."

It was, and in some places still is, the custom for maidens at service to have holiday on mid-lent Sunday, when they went "a-mothering," taking a simnel or mid-lent cake.

The Simnel

is especially celebrated in Hereford and Salop. The Shropshire legend records that an old couple, Simon and Nelly, wishing to make a cake of the remains of their Christmas pudding and Lenten bread, disputed as to the baking or boiling. Finally becoming hungry, both processes were resorted to, and

the combined name of "simnel" was given to the happy result.

Some people allow Lambert Simnel, a baker of Henry VII.'s time, the honor of naming this cake, of which an old gentleman writes in 1695: "That sodden bread which bee called simnels bee verie unwholesome." This cake is of flour, filled with plums and candied peel and colored with saffron. It is boiled for hours and then baked hard.

Palm-Sunday.

The custom of eating figs on Palm-Sunday or "Fig-Sunday" prevails in many counties in England, probably from the account of the barren fig-tree immediately following that of the entry into Jerusalem.

Good Friday.

"One a penny,
Two a penny,
Hot Cross Buns."

This cry resounds through London on Good-Friday morning. As many as fifty thousand persons congregated at the "Old Chelsea Bunn House" on that day. Bread

baked on Good-Friday is popularly supposed never to get stale, and in many houses a bun is kept throughout the year for "luck." Through an old benefactor in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, twenty-one aged women receive on Good-Friday a sixpence and a hot cross bun; and through another bequest of Peter Symonds in Queen Elizabeth's time sixty boys of the Blue Coat School receive each a new penny and a packet of raisins.

The origin of the cross buns is very ancient. The word "boun" is derived from the time of Cecrops. Some with the cross were discovered at Herculaneum. Loaves marked with a cross are to be seen on some sculpture, representing the miracle of the five barley loaves at the Museo Borbonica at Rome.

Easter.

"This is the day when from the dead
Our Lord arose,
And, mindful that the day is come,
On all the hearths in Christendom,

The fires are quenched to be again
Rekindled from the sun."
—*The Golden Legend.*

The custom of giving "**Pace**" or **Paschal eggs** on Easter is very generally observed. They are frequently colored. Pope Paul V. authorized a form of benediction for Easter eggs. Hare-pies are eaten on Easter Monday.

St. Michael and All Angels'.

"It is an ancient and extensively prevalent custom to have **goose** for dinner on Michaelmas. Queen Elizabeth is said to have been eating her Michaelmas goose when she received the intelligence of the defeat of the Spanish Armada."

All Saints' Day.

"Some merry, friendly countra folks
Together did convene
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Hallowe'en
Fu' blythe that night."
—BURNS.

"It was a custom of our forefathers to have

a cake broken on this eve (evening?), called a '**soul-cake.**' It was composed of oatmeal and seeded. Pasties and frumenty were incidental to the same evening. People went from parish to parish 'a-souling'; that is, begging for a cake." This originated in the monastery of Clugny when All Souls' Day was instituted, in 993.

Guy Fawkes' Day.

"There was an old man, and his name was Guy Fawkes,
So weary of parliamentary talks,
He invited them down in the cellar,
Intending to hoist them like an umbrella.
But the plot did not work the desirable slaughters,
He was caught in the act and divided in quarters,
And, instead of a dynastic change on the throne,
He had a small 'die nasty' all of his own."

A sort of gingerbread, called in London "**Tharf-cake,**" is eaten on Guy Fawkes' Day. Ditchfield, in "Old English Customs," says that in Lancashire the word is "Harcake," and is derived from "Har," one of the names of Odin, the custom probably being a relic of an ancient pagan festival.

Martinmas.

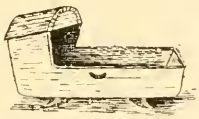
> "And Martinmas beef doth bear good tack
> When county folk do dainties lack."
>
> —TUSSER.

On the continent the wines of the country were first tasted on Martinmas, and animals killed for the winter's salting. So customary was the killing of beeves at this time that in Scotland and Northumberland a beef was called a "mart" or "mairt."

PART IV.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Births.



Caudle.

A kind of warm drink, a mixture of wine with eggs, bread, sugar and spices, used at christenings.

Marriages.

"This day, my Julia, thou must make
For mistress bride the wedding cake:
Knead but the dough and it will be
To paste of almonds turned by thee;
Or kiss it once or twice,
And for the bride-cake there'll be spice."

—HERRICK.

Deaths.

A funeral is still regarded in rural Yorkshire as a very high festival. A woman was lately heard complaining of one she had attended. "A paltry concern," she said with scorn; "nobbut cakes and such like. Now, I've buried five, but I sided 'em all off with 'am!"

PART V.

BREAKFAST, LUNCH, DINNER.

Breakfast.

"Balzac could describe the breakfasts of a cheap boarding-house so that you smelled them, tasted them, and had dyspepsia after."

Moravian Bread.

Scald a pint of milk with four tablespoonfuls of butter; when lukewarm add a teaspoonful of salt and a yeast-cake and three pints of flour. Raise two and a half hours in a very warm place. Beat in two eggs and a quarter pound of *brown* sugar. Raise for another hour, beat down, pour into pans and raise a half hour. Mix two tablespoonfuls of butter, an ounce of cinnamon and a quarter pound of brown sugar. Make holes in the dough and fill with lumps of this mixture. Bake twenty minutes in a very hot oven.—*Recipe from a Moravian town.*

Lunch.

"Luncheon is base ingratitude to breakfast, and premeditated insult to dinner."

Nut Sandwiches.

Chop English walnuts, almonds, butternuts, hickory, or any others, very fine, moistened with sweet cream, and spread between very thin slices of bread.

Dinner.

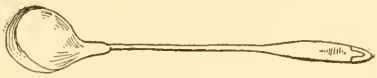
"The dinner is for eating, and my wish is that guests, not the cooks, should like the dinner."

—BACON.

Soup.

"Beautiful soup, so rich, so green,
Waiting in a hot tureen,
Who to such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup."

—*Alice in Wonderland.*



"Liny's" Tomato Soup.

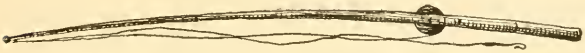
One can of tomatoes or quart of fresh ones. Cook up with a suspicion of onion, strain and add a teaspoonful of soda. Then add a quart of milk, seasoning to taste, and a handful of cracker dust. Boil up and serve.

Fish.

THIRD FISH: "Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea?"

FIRST FISH: "Why, as men do a-land—the great ones eat up the little ones."

—PERICLES.



Sardines.

Broil the fish on an oyster broiler, well greased. Serve on buttered toast, with lemon sliced very thin.

Meats.

"Oh, father, the pig! the pig! Do come and taste how good the burnt pig eats."

—CHARLES LAMB.

Three Dinners from a Leg of Mutton.

Cut a large leg into three equal parts. Take the knuckle end and boil rather underdone. Make a sauce with stock thickened and seasoned. Add a little Parmesan cheese, and pour around the meat. Lay bunches of cauliflower, which have been boiled with the meat and browned in the oven, in the sauce. Add more cheese and sauce, and put in the oven until browned and thickened. The next day cut the large piece in slices and broil. Serve with horseradish, or a lump of green butter and watercress tossed in oil and vinegar. Bone the third piece and lard it with lardoons rolled in salt and vinegar and spice. Tie in shape. Simmer gently with sliced carrots, onions and potatoes, cloves, parsley and herbs, a ladle of stock and half pound of bacon. Or stuff with oysters, roast and serve with gravy and oyster liquor.

Dean Swift's Recipe for Roast Mutton.

"Gently stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast;
Dress it quickly, I desire,
In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

"In the dresser see it lie,
Oh! the charming white and red;
Finer meat ne'er met the eye,
On the sweetest grass it fed;
Let the jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely browned.

"On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean;
Pickles get and salad both,
Let them each be fresh and green;
With small beer, good ale and wine,
Oh, ye gods, how I shall dine!"

Sauces.

"Fames optimum condimentum est,
'Of all known sauces hunger's the best';
Doubtless this ancient saw is true,
But give us hunger and sauces too."

Bread Sauce.

A handful of bread crumbs boiled to the consistency of bouilli. Salt and pepper. Butter the size of an egg. Served in England with game; in Belgium with artichokes.—*From the French.*

Vegetables.—"Pour accomoder les choux rouges."

Du bouillon, deux quartiers de pommes de reinettes, un oignon piqué, de clous, de girofles, et deux verres de vin rouge pour un chou. Faites échauder les choux à l'eau bouillante avant que de les hacher pour cuire au bouillon. Envoyé par Mme. la Duchesse d'Orléans en marque de pleine et sincère réconciliation Chrétienne à la Marquise de Crequy, 1760.

Game.—Salmi a la bourgeoise gentilhomme.

Four larded quails freshly roasted, a piece of unsalted butter the size of an egg placed in a saucepan and allowed to liquefy. When it begins to bubble put in two shallots and two sprigs of parsley, finely minced, stirring until browned, adding a teaspoonful of flour. When well incorporated add two cups of bouillon, a pinch of salt, and for the "bouquet garni" a third of a bay-leaf, two cloves, a small piece of cinnamon, a dash of allspice and the merest trifle of nutmeg. Next, two sliced truffles of Périgord, the juice of a can of button mushrooms, a tablespoonful of water, and a wineglass each of Chablis and St. Julien. Allow this to boil to the desired consistency. Then add the can of mushrooms, and about ten minutes before serving permit one of the quails to simmer in the perfumed sauce. Immediately before placing the salmi in the chafing dish and decorating with croûtons, drop in a peppercorn and stir briskly.

Salad.

"To make a salad perfect, there should be a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a wise man for salt, and a madcap to stir the ingredients up and mix them well together." *Spanish Proverb.*

A Dainty Salad.

Roll balls of cottage cheese with butter-paddles, lay on leaves of lettuce and cover with French dressing. Serve with thin sandwiches of Boston brown bread.

Pies and Puddings.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

Fig Pudding.

One cupful of molasses, one of chopped suet, one of milk, three and a quarter of flour, two eggs, a teaspoonful of soda, one of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, a pint of figs. Mix the molasses, suet and chopped figs. Add to the other ingredients, with the eggs beaten light. Steam five hours.—*Recipe from Montreal.*

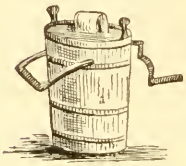
Dessert.

"'An't please your honor,' quoth the peasant,
'This same dessert is very pleasant.'"

POPE.

Cafe Mousse.

Beat together the yolks of two eggs and half a cup of sugar. Add a cup of very strong coffee. Cook in a double boiler four minutes, stirring it. Cool and add two quarts of whipped cream. Put it in a freezer, without beater, cover and pack. Stand from four to six hours.



"If you have dined with contentment, you have dined better than the Lord Mayor of London."

PART VI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fruit—Bananas.

Cut them in slices, pour over them whipped cream, unsweetened. Hand with them a small decanter of Maraschino.

Beverages.

"At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Würtzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine."
—*Golden Legend.*

Mulled Wine.

Put cinnamon and allspice to taste to steep in a cup of hot water. Add three eggs well beaten with sugar. Heat to a boil a pint of wine. Add eggs and spice. Stir three minutes and serve.

Cake.

"Aye to the leavening, but there's yet in the work hereafter the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking. Nay, you must stay the cooling, too, as you may chance to burn your mouth."

—SHAKESPEARE.

Plum Cake—Choice.

"3 flower, 2½ butter well worked to cream, "with 2½ sugar, sifted and dried, 1 oz. mace, "¼ cloves, 1 cinnamon, 4 lbs. cleaned cur-"rants, 1 raisons, 1 citron, 1 pt. brandy, 4 "spoons fine ginger. To ice it, tak 5 whites "of eggs, 1 lb. double refined sugar, pounded "and sifted, 3 spoons roas water, beat up to "a froath. A littel starch to bind it to your "cake. It must be laid on thin and set in "the wind to harden."—MARGARET BUNYAN, 1744: Kingston, Jamaica.

[From a manuscript written on parchment. Margaret Grant was the wife of James Bunyan, grandson of John Bunyan, of "Pilgrim's Progress" fame. The recipe is given by her third great-granddaughter.]

Pickles and Preserves.

"Open your cupboard door a trifle wider,
Methinks their closet-skeleton I spied her;
And yes! I've heard they had 'em. O! my stars!
The best of households have their family jars."

Rowan Jelly. (A Scotch recipe.)

Take rowans or rose-hips and apples in equal weight. Slice apples and boil (with cores and skins) with berries. Pass through a sieve. Add after straining a pound of sugar to a pound of juice. Boil to desired thickness.

For the Sick.—Drink.

A large lump of ice in a glass, with one or two teaspoonfuls of sugar. White of one egg and a teaspoonful of sherry or lemon juice. Stir slowly till ice is all melted.

Odds and Ends.

A bunch of red clover in a room will drive out flies.